I DON'T THINK; I BITE

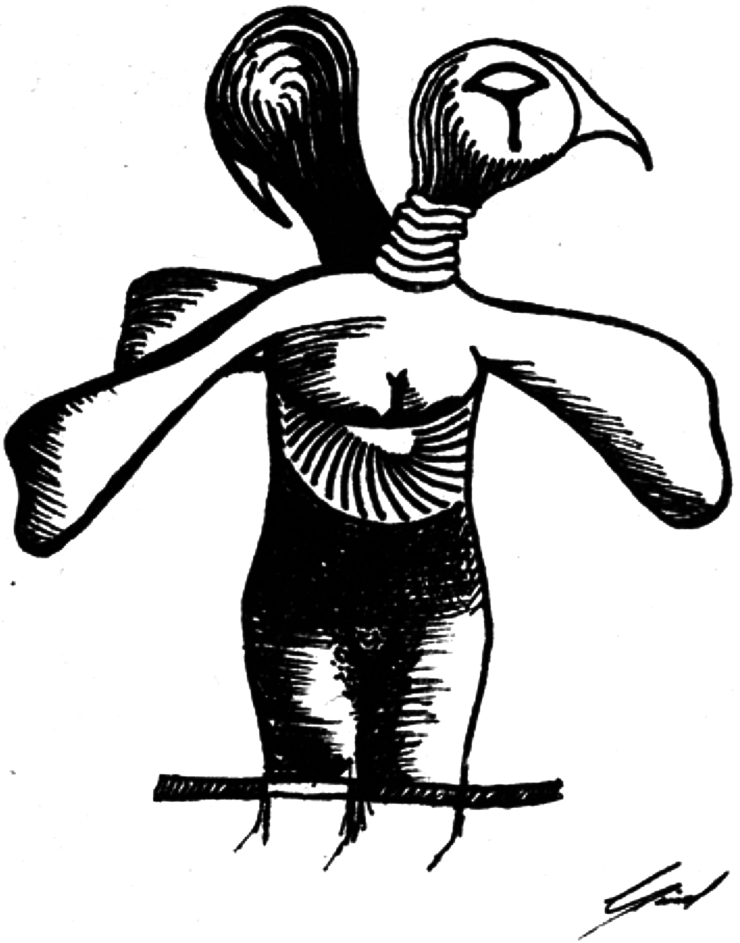
TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

Cole Heinowitz

Mario Santiago Papasquiaro (1953-1998) is the pseudonym of José Alfredo Zendejas Pineda, the poet immortalized as Ulises Lima in Roberto Bolaño's novel The Savage Detectives. Born in Mexico City, Santiago came of age during a period of acute political repression, artistic censorship, and violations of academic autonomy that culminated in the 1968 Tlatelolco Massacre, in which hundreds of student protesters and bystanders were killed and injured. The literary society Santiago encountered when he began writing poems in 1974 was stultifyingly conservative. Turning for inspiration to Surrealism, Stridentism, Dada, the Beats, and Latin American avant-gardes such as the Peruvian group Zero Hour, Santiago and a handful of friends—among them Bolaño—founded the revolutionary poetry movement, Infrarrealism. According to Santiago, the Infrarrealists were "[r]adical vagabonds, fugitives from the bourgeois university" and state-sanctioned culture. They wrote from the streets, not from drawing rooms and lecture halls. They attacked the institutionalized pieties of intellectual abstraction with raw physicality and psychedelic vision. They spoke the voice of the thief, the addict, the tramp, and the madman, not the voice of Octavio Paz or the PRI. They engaged in what Santiago referred to as "cultural terrorism," sabotaging poetry workshops, interrupting the readings of prominent literati to declaim their own poems, smashing cocktail glasses, and starting fistfights. In the words of its founders, their aim was "to the blow the lid off the brains of official culture."

A collection of poems by Mario Santiago Papasquiaro,
Translated by Cole Heinowitz and Alexis Graman

SECOND-HAND HEROES: *SIX YOUNG MEXICAN INFRARREALISTS*	2
STATUS & REVOLUTIONS / *COME & GO*	5
DID YOU NOTICE HOW THE SEINE DOESN'T LOOK US IN THE EYE ANYMORE & HOW THEY FILLED THE GARE DE LYON WITH PROPAGANDA OFFERING $$ FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE BAADER MEINHOFF GROUP?	7
TO OUR LADY OF GUADALUMPEN	9
SWAN'S HOWL	11
ECCE HOMO	14
RELENTLESS SONG	16
LEAP YEAR ADOLESCENCE	18
LOU ANDREAS-SALOMÉ GREETS FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE	20
ALREADY FAR FROM THE ROAD	22
[THE SLEEPWALKING ASSASSIN...]	27
DISMIRROR	29
ADVICE FROM 1 DISCIPLE OF MARX TO 1 HEIDEGGER FANATIC	32
INFRARREALIST MANIFESTO	50
CARTE D'IDENTITÉ	54



SECOND-HAND HEROES: SIX YOUNG MEXICAN INFRARREALISTS

For a sleepless art / against an opiate art
—César Moro

I decided to crush them & leave them only 1 cm. of ground . . . but I didn't have a tape measure
—Groucho Marx

TO GROUCHO,
CHICO & HARPO
SO THEY FEEL
OUT OF PLACE

In 1968: less than 15 years old / watching gringo shows on T.V. / soldiers in the streets / flesh and blood communists agitating everywhere. Onward from there: living experience, living nightmare, living utopia / Emotion, sensation, the certainty of diving into chasms every moment transforming / Radical vagabonds, fugitives from the bourgeois university (the mediocrity of teaching is the teaching of mediocrity). They'd traveled highways, jungles, beaches where the Hon. Department of Tourism was trawling for at least some sickly "underground" / & they gassed & beat them, & they held their fists in the air, joking about LOSERS' POWER. Poetry (the rhetoric that went by that name) didn't involve them at all / Becerra, Pacheco couldn't stand as alternatives anymore: the risk was elsewhere / "Imaginative animals," Norman Brown said, citing some de Sade, Vatsayana & laughing / The moon was all over them, viscous / intrinsic, like it left rationalism for dead under the tires of a trailer out there in the Orion constellation / And Anguish was the only urban

guerrilla they recognized under those skies of lard, ice, and smog that weren't only psychic. / In the street, not the libraries, Rimbaud appeared with a link to visions / in neighborhoods more crowded than old oriental hermitages, in the lobbies of movie houses sophisticates call "fleabag" / Drunks looked on with their traffic light eyes like smudged mirrors where the red & the dead sea join / Impatience started playing touch football with the strongest little apes of its formal logic / The precious poets spoke of metal sunsets, skies blazing like plums / and read the newspapers / to get a job / the least feudal, the least vampiric / Their slogans: love (to the nth degree) another kind of need (to an exponential power) a radiance called Whisky, an incomplete reality, a sun that looked like radar, microscope, mystic eye, spying on us, radiotelegraphing us the inside and out of every shiver / And that's how they escaped the gilded scorpion of Custom and its swollen downpours didn't touch them and its chloroform wires didn't ensnare them / In the street, not the libraries, life danced its H2oest revelations / its wisest & most unrestrained proportions.

Slide inside the vagina of a living whale / Is there some way to do this before 1985? Nam June Paik in a letter to John Cage.

And in the gardens of the Museum of Modern Art you & I kissed, sweating, trembling, in the counterculture's best jam session, & Edvard Munch took notes on us for an engraving that would of course become totally commercial & very famous / Deliriums, fractures, Totem-reality, New sensations pointing toward Another Nature.

You can smell the hot days coming, full of blood / There's a revolution going on in our skins: I can still see Darío reading Auden, Lewis Carroll, the Marquis de Sade, walking across rooftops, through the basement of PS 1 like the Divine Genet; still escaping from the Neurology Unit, learning to live the density of his marginal experience, following the footsteps of terrorist dancers to the beaches of Zopilote, refusing to compromise with the gay right; Mara Larrosa: fighting in women's liberation movements: discovering the body's alchemy, Nijinski's loins, the possibility of a dance that goes beyond those caveman supermarkets / primitive, savage (transparent rock), sending us a kiss from the background of an Albers painting, NO to Heartbreak. And Rubén plays on the harmonica and Peguero knocks on the door / & they don't let him in / & he throws a peso at the window / & breaks

it, dynamiting the eardrums of its nazi landlord. Under the table legs at the Café Havana, instructing the hips of clueless groupies in funk dive bars, inventing private shibboleths at Campus meetings while the eye of Cuauhtémoc Méndez laughs hysterically at Renato Leduc's jokes and the other guy rolls through the streets hanging by the Leon Trotsky goatee that José Revueltas and Buffalo Bill wished they had.

What was contained overflows / what was silenced speaks through arms and legs / what was unseen is visible and heavy / it takes the flavor of a mouth forced open / a flavor of armpits and trees / what was hardly a voice is now voice, mouth, and spit / What was nothing is back.

Mexican poetry stops being (Villaurrutia my dear) an anemic *night in which nothing is heard.*

STATUS & REVOLUTIONS / COME & GO

Back then air was 1 crab sliding off the peak of my wave
the magnetism of pores / of streets / of shouts & drainpipes
had wrinkled like the so-called climate of feet upon necks
Swamps kept comfortably playing the moan's pianola in our beds
The moon oozed
They murdered guerrillas & dumped them in turbid rivers
Fog hovered—excessively
Spaceships swelled—with anthill diarrhea—our dreams
& even the cinemas' silence was suspended by the wetness
of our erogenous knife the gunned-down laughter of the dead

DID YOU NOTICE HOW THE SEINE DOESN'T LOOK US IN THE EYE ANYMORE & HOW THEY FILLED THE GARE DE LYON WITH PROPAGANDA OFFERING $$ FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE BAADER MEINHOFF GROUP?

FOR FRANK VENAILLE & PAUL TILLMAN

I embrace my next suicide
as my sharpest poem
my consummate poem
In the Kenacort & Valium-10 seats
of 1 cut-rate cinema at Barbès & Rochechouart
kissing with rabid-white rat kisses
Daisy's flowering thighs /
mistress & queen of my laughter
& I embrace her : I embrace her
as 1 lush embraces his rotten liver
or 1 exile from the Communist Party

embraces the voice that screamed: *To hell with Marx*
he's washed in the piss of Utopia
& if they think the Bogart film's damaged or washed out
or the magic flute of hash
can't quite cover the swollen—bulging—
galleon of my lungs in Spanish doubloons
What heroic act
what keatonesque face
        will be left us
except the 1 where we catalelepticoluciferianistically
position ourselves like corpses
on the salt-back of 1 imaginary railroad
& there / from that position / from that enclosure
walk our least gnarled paw
across the least melted spotlight of our eyes
until we can't tell the hairs on our head from the hair on our balls
the eruptions of Mount Venus
from the lava of the Vigilant Mind
While we sing on empty stomachs
1 *euphoric thick hot cacao of a tune: There's no future*
        & plunge to the bottom
wells? / divers? / gold diggers? / brewers of *what*?

TO OUR LADY OF GUADALUMPEN

For my virgin's cumbia shawl
for her brown-skinned sexiness
for her ghostly emergence
when they were nailing horseshoes
in the my lifeblood's hearts
& the hills rang with moans & blasphemies

For the halo of mockingbirds she spoke with
In the singsong of backwater towns
or the nopal fandango
Black pearl / flushed face
Wet stain
I've come to claim these "Children's Songs"
these Mexicans from below
these faded divinities
from the crater of the wound
we come to summon her

So the dogs don't carry her off
so they don't hawk psilocybin at her spirit's carnival
We offer silken flowers
All-out war on the horseshit of corrals

To look straight at her solar decay
at this maggot that disturbs
the grave senility of magueys

the sacred water we drink
as from the vulva of 1 beehive

This daughter of heaven
this deviant thirst that inebriates gates
At the feet of her mystery
we come to bow down

May the roots of our eyes neither scorn nor avoid her
Her wing burns / the flame of her breath
Her bedroll is my bedroll
Our marriage / celestial

SWAN'S HOWL

Trapped in the corridors of the Hotel Sphinx
Man is 1 temporal & contingent
being / thrust between 2 nothings
Bound to his own perceptions
Flowering at random between moon & buttocks
Sewn to the hook of his spirit
& leaking body from all sides
of the infinite concentration camps
Zenith & Nadir
: such is his sign :
/ the gallows stamped in his entrails /
The scorched visage still vomits splendor
Man is 1 moral but astringent king
1 butterfly of the Outside
1 bat that bursts the sac
carrying its strangled conception

Heaven was born as if from the gout
& axial pain as if from the bone
1 hairpin cleft between mountains
1 banquet constellation of red ants
1 wingless kiss where the river ends
Man is 1 sawed-off celestial being
Syntax decked in stars
The heart's will
/ that runs wild & lingers to the beat of the drum
underlining vertigo's eyelids
drowning the ghost of all explanation in semen /

Now & forever

The way is made
: Convulse yourself :
The laws of Space are finished
the time that wounded the helm's fate killed itself
Living is jargon & cramping up is stupid
The light sticks its cock in itself
under the bridge charged with electroshock
Death is the fire that resurrects
the raw scum of the frying pan
Death is not death
Its eternal scar blossoms
Like the voice of childbirth
Or like the voice / simply /
Like the flower of the voice
Here the *You* is I
The mousetrap & the mouse taken from her
Just now *** jabbered Genesis
The flask in its maw dripped lizards
the open fly of its unreal sidewalk
/ Hypotheses are proven by tasting them /
André Breton eats shit
Being feeds on non-being
The octopus & the snake screw exploding
—Facing Chaos—
Mythology is real & whistled just now
jilted by 1 equation

From days on earth to the torture chamber
1 mandrake transforms its poison into the scent of 1 woman

:: *godbirth in flagrante* ::
Puns the stellar will
You sit down to chew the echo its film of centuries
/ sweated & shot in 1 brothel called *The gift of laughter* /

Now it really is March
—the high month of magic—
The hare ejaculates in 1 taxi
that whines around curves / burning from its nails to its halo

They stripped essence bare!
cries the ice cream man

While 2 lobes pierce their discharge
in the same crater where 1 corner is born

Now / yesterday & forever

In the intimate iris of all beasts
That lick the final twilight tumor of science & consciousness

I kill what I speak
:: *Swan's howl* ::

ECCE HOMO

Fallen from the cloud least likely to explode
Nonetheless / in revolt against this bitter trunk
Drop by drop frog & moss
expiation of stone without torrent
I drain the blood like 1 bull by the horns
of the slimy stump my will clings to
I'm the African bee that outsmarts every trap
The exact God kneels down to blow the deranged God's cock
Cain gives himself to Abel transformed as 1 salamander of marigold & myrrh
There shall be no mirror closer to the wounds of my tongue
I'm the man that cries
that grabs the little he finds
The cavity the woman sucks in order not to bite me
The confused Arc of the Covenant
The snipe's wing
The unabsorbable blood
The kilos of wax accumulated
behind the glass fence of my anesthetized solar ear
I'm the last courtyard of the last undrugged asylum
I have no sex / I respect nobody
I enjoyed living
I kiss my death
I grasp it
I swing it
I splash it
I squander it
There's no larva that hasn't caught my virus

I turn Ash Wednesday into Thursday
Because all bullet wounds are sacred
From the first to the last

RELENTLESS SONG

I shit on God
& all his dead
I shit on the sacrament
& on the virgin's little cunt
I shit on the dead
of the God of God
on the arrogance of Friedrich Nietzsche
on my soul's trembling flesh
& on the nettles in the air of the atheist
on the premature death of the just
on the transience of sex & its sparks
On the animal word
On the imagination-rhizome
On the desiccated teats of learning
On the cleft of worlds
I shit
Focused on the fire of my pores
on this alcohol-sickness that shakes me
on the infinite eye of my footprints
on the clusterfuck's savage fury
on impossible death & its offerings
On the warming serpent's mud
on the rocks of the beloved
on my skull's levitation
on the crippled heart of the unspeakable
On the aqueous aleph of my wounds
on my killer's vitreous malaise
on the hand of pleasure

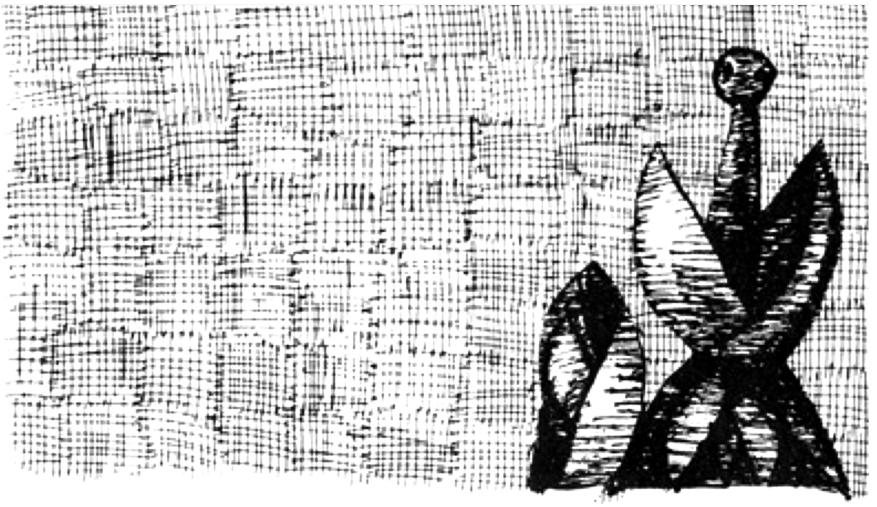
on the drug nestled in its fangs
On the philanthropic ogre & his wife
on the manhandled tomb of chance
on the seed of the lyric / which is caca
On aerial dung
on topaz eye-snot
on Charleville's resplendent cranium
On the rats still fleeing the Drunken Sea
on tenderness
on flabbiness
& on defenselessness
On toads' etheric belches
on boiling bloods
on shadows
on the dawn's rosy phlegm-ball
on the insensible mirror I've picked for a street
on the canyons of tumescent Venus
On the banquet plate
on the bedpans of truce
on the rotten mushroom & its trident
On the hereditary cancer of the US Army
on the long lineage of crap
Radiance & abyss / randomness & wind
The open vein from coccyx to clavicle
The lap of drunkenness
The flame of clogged harps
On the armpitless groins of deathcreating God
on the soft & manifold sound 2 tears make
: on the sea : on its deserts :
& on myself

LEAP YEAR ADOLESCENCE

FOR BLAISE CENDRARS

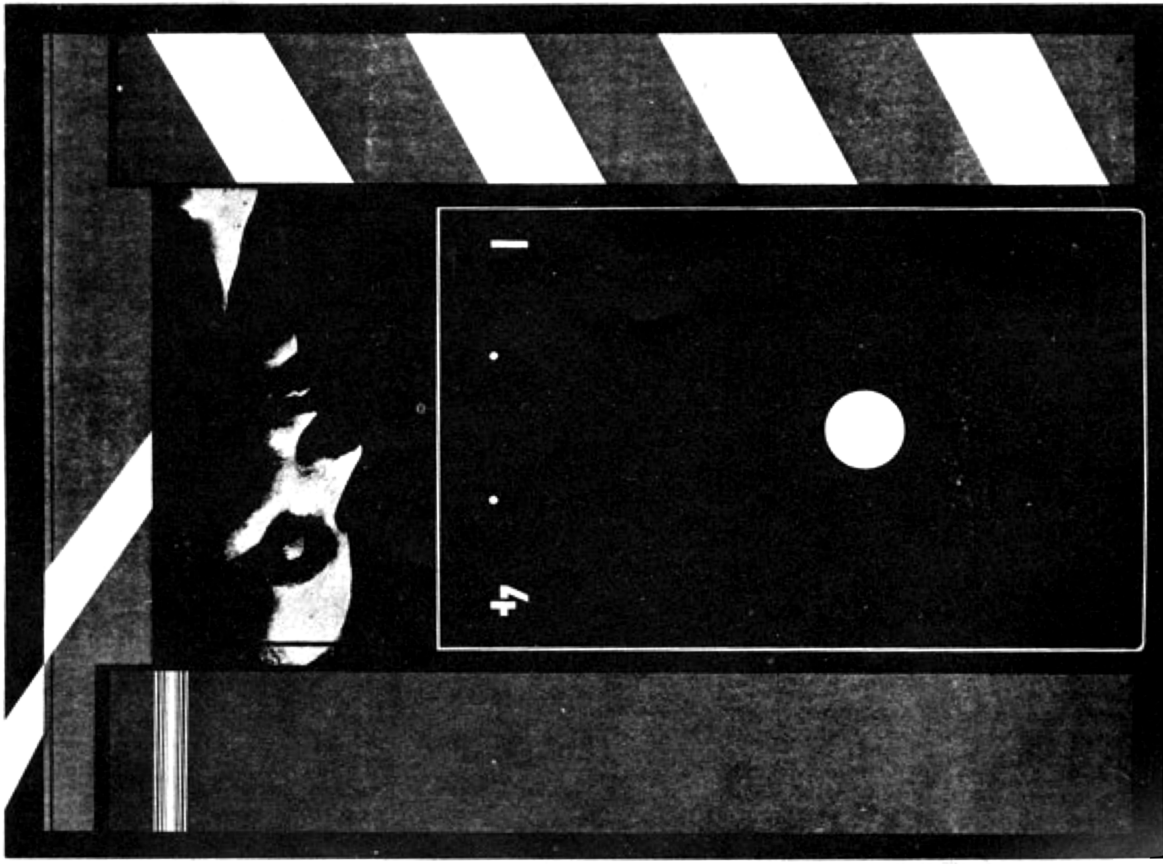
Back then I worked with 1 kryptonite chisel
/ sharper & more lethal /
Than coyotes' teeth
& much more than 1 marsupial's pouch
I stroked my fly in front of windows & behind them
Chinese brides: freak strokes of luck
& refrains of that sort
My smiles: subway stairs
My glances: surfboards
pointed in 1,000 directions / every step
Hammers without 1 nail but with rain lots of rain in my pockets
Poetry grew in beauty
To sleep was to wake up / in its alveoli
Shaking my hair like 1 fist: my eye like 1 shuttlecock
Drooling streets of people who'd rather fuck around than spare their shoes
Free money! free highways!
Free rides to Monte Albán!
I was in love with llamas
Conversed with centipedes
Tattooed the monosyllabic gossip streetlights trumpet on anvils
The city was all lip / all cocoon / all tit to me
The missus & I played games like the wall & the piss
Hemoglobin was 1 joke that never got old
Breathing was so Mark Twain / so William Burroughs to me
...1 donkey laden with...
1 molotov cocktail inside & out

The desert blasted—at last—by the human voice
The itch in my bones: solid calcium
sticking seeds in the earth
& sleigh bells on boats
—dissecting the batteries of monstrosity—
Exploding the space of dances
with nothing but the usual moves
Taken very hot & very deep with only myself for 1 partner



LOU ANDREAS-SALOMÉ GREETS FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

The mind is 1 flower of unbridled tentacles
but the body is queen
the sultana of swing
the lady Godiva of queen bees
the magess that vibrates & works herself up
the bubbly dip in the depths
the brew of masturbating stars
the triangular burn when you break down her door
& heartbeats & cramps soak in lechery
the Grasshopper kisses the Scorpion
& vice versa / & etceteras



Klaus Heider, Entre los días uno y cuatro de 1971.

ALREADY FAR FROM THE ROAD

TO THE MEMORY OF INFRAÍN

Vibrations
Vibrations — whips
1 sound comes from the shadow
quickly forms 1 sphere
1 farm
1 group
1 armada
1 universe of Universe
—Henri Michaux

1
Some grubby pants & death in the chest
Right on man!
I'll see you there by the wall
/ just past the loading zone /
winds crystallizing on the left
fins of the dust : your fins
1 oasis harpooning the dryness in us
In the daughter of your eye / the graveyard
: Mezcalito casting posies :
Earth & its opposite : deer silent as the noises at their weddings
You shouldn't go / but you should go

2
(In this shadow this strange fruit nestles
that's the heart of the amphibious & precocious infrarrealist becoming)

Sons of Pablo de Rokha are we
Before writing this / we were already flying
Then the continuum of the written was less patrolled
Breath danced on the tip of the tongue
We transformed caressing the ayayay of every wound

We're poets
Cymbals of the black sun
that magnetizes us

3
Neither lumpens nor proletarians
The wage-earning demigod
not 1 pen bursts in our abysses
: The infra-dawns in the spider's House of Usher :
Sweet clitoris plays paddle ball / embarks as for the 5 mountains in 2
lutes
At tender gallop & flowing mane
Rubayat is in love
with
Ramayana

4
Our tongue has been barbed
It's watermelon / dripping deep-laughing vagrant
Adventure that's torn open our abrasions

What we've been we are in the crescendoing of echoes
For such shoulders : such thighs
For those ankles / those steps
Lessons of cleansing by the scalpel

5
...Gray is the Theory...
Red the fuzz of Cannabis / The Wireless

6
The fight? / Against the power of phara$aical ign
(Mask VS Longhair)
10 years later we're still being tribal
/ lubricous wherever /
In Jalapa : Minneapolis : Iquitos : Ivry-sur-Seine : Gerona :
Glen & Canyon
Dogs inhabited by voices of the desert
Aztec priests blinded by the flame by the song of the body
& the flame of the body that's the song
Reality sandwiches!

7
The compost of language doesn't germinate
if it isn't in deeds already poverty incarnate
The Marabu triumph in Nahuatl lands
—How much for the singing rabbit? / With wings?
—Happy Un-Birthday
Infrarrealism isn't some scouring-word
Our nights have anthologized us
Every texticle in its place / that could likely be our nomad's miracle

8

It's Zero Hour again
Jesús Luis scratches *Songs for Thugs* in its light
There are stars like there are desires
there are abysses & there are roads
The piranhas of the day before yesterday
are iguanas of the future
Waves : waves : waves of thirst

9

—What'd those TV people say about us?
/ sons of happy service & generous benefits /
—Oh Holy Satanic Laughter
—Billy Burroughs doesn't even know?
The lowlife jumps for joy
/ They're fireflies at dawn /
—Is that be 1 Sirian haiku?
1 water poet in the sierras?
Delirium's orgasm?

10

Poetry-hendecasyllaboiler
Edgar Allan & Black Sabbath's little sister
dickfaces & fucktrarians
what a lot of trenches
plowed in the guts of the guts

11

I touch wind
: turgid chance :
Our root's talking

/ not the laundering of Power & its ticket-booths
its taxes : its punishments : cynical grins : its wheezing of vanities /

12
Let Tin-Tan burn his zoot suit
The roads are full of other beings
/ not the cubicle or charge /
Remember body how much you lived
How much gospel of the open heavens
/ Subterraneously : sovereignly /
Because it won't be the fear of any fear
that makes us set at half mast
the igneous geyser of our indignation

& this numeral 13 says it well:
Mexican poetry is divided in 2
Mexican poetry & infrarrealism
/ 1 *Tula River to stir up* /

[THE SLEEPWALKING ASSASSIN...]

The sleepwalking assassin passed the gates of empty nightmare
It was snowing in the flustered April night
He'd had it up to here with the garbage strike;
The hero was clutching his scarlet sperm-drenched coat
Excitement kissed his feet
His boots / the scent of 1 destiny foretold on luminous glue trips
    Aaarrrggghhh!
The Parisian lioness was giving birth to 1 more turd of tedium & myth
But the thirst / the irresistible magnet of desire for more burning honey /
drove our Lord Jim of the Catacombs to tear out his beard
to run after the cunt of 1 angel who only fled from him
((De Chirico looked on like the eye of 1 irregularly sprouted tower))
The sleepwalking assassin sat on the blown-up bridge of the Metro Passy
Cold tore through his guts / the sewer line linking the fall
in 1 dream to the unstoppable gush of another blast of hash
They were massacring the Commune once & for all that night
The brothel was rotting with unusual futility
As far from the river! : what was left of instinct mutely scrawled
The assassin / naked / was doing pirouettes
trailing the dirty icicle shreds of his coat-flag
His knife was the sky that quit being sky
His victim : the snow
1 rootless crucifixion peopled the wagons suspended in the memory
of the dissident clochard who raided the lost history of the Metro Passy
    that night

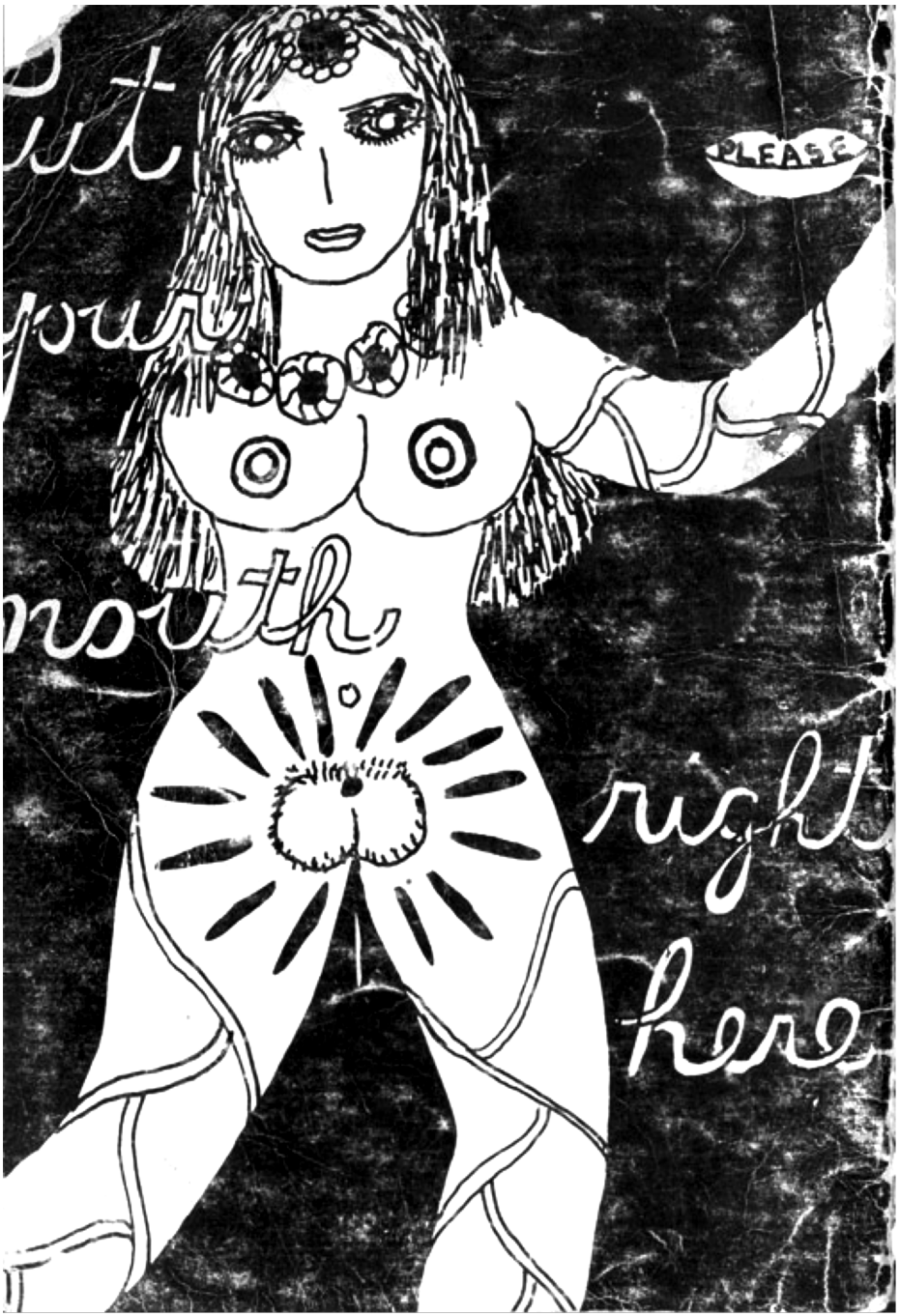
the p / the a / the double s / the y all scratched out
The station was baptized the Metro Landrú in blows of glass
1 bottle of *Viuda* to the head / 2 prayers in Turkish
My palace is of vertebrae / my River Seine of piss:
    The world already propellerless
    Meat rotting in holy peace
Silence drunk off its ass : suckling the cracks in 1 mythical interstate

DISMIRROR

TO THE MEMORY OF BELTRÁN MORALES
BACKGROUND MUSIC BY JAVIER SOLÍS

Mural of drunks the day
Explosion: eternal night
Wind made flesh in woman's flowering bone
Wandering like children through the dreams of magic flutes
The rest is living death
Marriage of rats & scorpions
/ *in different times & spaces* /
But tied to the stench the rainbow traces from 1 crematorium to the next
Where no doubt 2 madmen rest giving it 1 sound
Bougainvillea scratches the crotch of the cross to dust
The sun is perpetual multiplication
The song of light
The *tour de force* of the created
That moves / nonetheless /
in the world—free songbird—like 1 blue butterfly
Picasso bites his tail
—caked with human foliage—
The wannabe's specter whistles
The seed extends its thread
The echo's stratospheric truth
pursues it ((at knifepoint))
Beauty is our spiritual Guernica
The portrait of Galatea getting in up in 1 well
/ fresh ass: unnaturally honest porn /
Laurels & Hardys roll through the open wound

The castaway stays in the water / filming himself /
Time to kiss fate
So be it!
Is written on my charred body
In the mute bellow of other bodies
that bury themselves in the visible womb of their I's
We're all María Sabinas conversing with angels
But we forget / overwhelmed by the pain of not knowing ourselves
:: Fractions of 1 second / magnetized moons /
ether bites that jerks off the sun ::


PLEASE

ADVICE FROM 1 DISCIPLE OF MARX TO 1 HEIDEGGER FANATIC

The world gives you itself in fragments / in splinters:
in 1 melancholy face you glimpse 1 brushstroke by Diirer
in someone happy the grimace of 1 amateur clown
in 1 tree: the trembling of birds sucking from its crook
in 1 flaming summer you catch bits of the universe licking its face
the moment 1 indescribable girl
rips her Oaxacan blouse
just at the crescent of sweat from her armpits
& beyond the rind is the pulp / & like 1 strange gift of the eye
the lash
Maybe not even Carbon 14 will be able to reconstruct the true facts
The days are gone when 1 naturalist painter
could ruminate over the excesses of lunch
between movements of Swedish gymnastics
& without losing sight of the rose-blue tones of flowers he wouldn't have imagined
even in his sweetest nightmares
We are actors of infinite acts
& not exactly under the blue tongue
of movie spotlights
for example now / that you see how Antonioni passes by
with his usual little camera
observed by those who prefer to bury their heads in the grass

to get drunk on smog or whatever / so as not to add
to the scandals
that already make the public roads impassable
by those who were born to be lavishly kissed by the sun
& its earthly ambassadors
by those who talk of fabulous copulations / of females you can't believe
in this geological age
of vibrations that would make you 1 fervent propagandist for Zen Buddhism
by those who at 1 point were saved
from the accidents the crime rags call substantial
& that by the way—for now—aren't counted among the flowers of the Absurd

That's how it is on the trapeze on the tightrope
of this 1,000-ring circus
1 old man rattles on about the thrill he felt at seeing Gagarin
fluttering like 1 fly in outer space
& pity the starship wasn't called Icarus I
that Russia is so fiercely anti-Trotskyite
& then his voice dissolves / collapses
between cheers & boos

Reality & Desire get thrashed / get chopped up
they spill out over each other
like they never would in 1 of Cernuda's poems
foam runs from the mouth of the 1 who speaks wonders
& it would seem he lived in the clouds
& not on the outskirts of this barrio

& this is the lesser evil

The park trembles / my inner steps carry me
through the streets of 1 green seaport
the natives call Mescaline
1 sensation unknown until now
like being scientifically certain what DNA tastes like
after making love

If this isn't Art I'll slash my vocal cords
my tenderest testicle / I'll stop blathering
if this isn't Art

1 tree branch bends under the weight of 1 sparrow
or rather 1 sparrow ends up shattering 1 branch that's already broken

We're still alive
somehow or other we must name the islands of crystals
that with the luxury of violence trample the softest regions of your eyes
reality seems like 1 miniature made to scale from mica
but also your eyelids your perception & its straitjacket
Material & Energy /
& the courage to stick your tongue inside their tongue

This is 1 very peculiar day
vibrant quotidian anonymous
absolutely earthly as we often say on days of celebration
or during the ever more frequent house raids
the fear lights up your stomach & it burns

The humid air of April / the lewd wind of autumn /
the hail of August & July
all here present with their fingerprints

Alcohol
piss / what hasn't fertilized this grass
how many sub-minimum-wage gardeners will leave their watery proteins
in this trap

Reality & Desire get thrashed / get chopped up
they spill out over each other
like they never would in 1 of Cernuda's poems
foam runs from the mouth of the 1 who speaks wonders
& it would seem he lived in the clouds
& not on the outskirts of this barrio

For now you stretch out face down toward the shade
of the long & hairy legs of the parks
where they gather:
the 1 who dreams of revolutions that stay too long in the Caribbean
the 1 who' like to rip out the eyes of the billboard heroes
to expose the hollowness of the farce
the girl with the feline & filmic green eyes
even if on getting closer they turn out to be blue or who knows
the student all adrenaline & erupting pores
the 1 who believes in nobody / nor in the Kantian beauty
of some admirers of Marcuse
& bursts out yelling that were putrefied by rage /
dehydrated from so many tomes of theory
the occasional little whore who shares the torrent of her solitude
with strangers

letting grace sympathy sudden vibrations tip the scale
of supply & demand
Chance: that other antipoet & incorruptible bum
those who come here to weep / until they carve for themselves—as in wood—
the face of some paranoid martyr
after smashing—not exactly from devotion—
the seats of the movie theaters
the 1 who writes his will or his epitaph on 1 wrinkled napkin
& then blows kisses to the wind / —& everyone assumes
it's his birthday or last night he got hitched in holy matrimony—
& all the hypotheses turn out too fragile to explain
why he used 1 gun & not 1 can of paint
if he seemed capable of seducing to the point of fever / the pulse
& the pupil of Giotto
the 1 who always greets you with I'm desperate
& yourself?
those who love rabidly like street dogs
—through thick & thin—
& 1 calls them blooming lovers
& they're aphrodisiacs not only to the sensibilities of Marc Chagall
those who meet death in person
in the hour when suicide becomes an obsession
1 disheveled desire to bite & be bitten
to have done with all those pipe dreams
that seem indestructible
to momentarily create such a Power
that the daily cement mixers destroy you
like 1 brown paper bag
& then you understand the 1 who'd like to bury
under mountains of plants
buildings / black earth

the slightest beat / the tachycardia of his intimate history
youre infected with the nervousness the anxiety
of those who act like they breathe
like they have a certain trace of carnivorous plants about them
& spend hours waiting for their companion Tenderness
that call girl who rarely arrives
those who come running from the tear gases
& billy clubs of the major avenues
of the major & minor stains that can't be removed
with Pine-Sol or 1 stroke of 1 Kleenex
those who ignore who they are / *& don't even want to know*
when the climate's reputation gets worse by the day
those perpetual sufferers from amnesia who suck their thumbs with joy
because the Earthly Paradise is here & not in Miami
those who promise to declare this autonomous territory independent island
that will not degrade into scrap metal ruins supermarkets

At the moment 1 hit song
entangles its rhythm
with the rain's strange samba
& 1 fatally fleeting order is established
so they can continue to dominate the scene
hair in disorder /
enormous eyes moist
& as if risen from the very chiaroscuro of the night
1 girl appears her muddy fists against her thighs
repeating 1 / 2 / 3 times:
I am not 1 sex object / I am not that you robots /
I'm alive / like 1 forest of eucalyptus
here where the norm is to be implacably nice
to each other

THERE IS NO AHISTORICAL ANGUISH
TO LIVE HERE IS TO HOLD YOUR BREATH
& UNDRESS

—Advice from 1 disciple of Marx to 1 Heidegger fanatic—

Poetry: were still alive
& you light my cheap cigar with your matches
& you look at me like 1 insignificant mop-top
shivering with cold in the comb of the night

We're still alive

1 green-eyed & yellow-winged butterfly
has pinned itself to my jacket's blue lapel
—my denim body
feels seductive human radar pollen magnet
acquires at times the conviction of 1 miniature galaxy
singing sheer absurdities between ohs of amazement—
Damn what a moon!
exclaims the millionaire in solitude
& miserable at work
who just yesterday was laid off for not getting excited
by the short-circuits of the bureaucratic coffeemaker

What a moon!
like 1 clipped nail
like 1 glob of sperm
suspended
over the bristling back of the night

when you hear
the crunch of smashed nuts—crack—
the whirring the whine of the ambulance
that once again arrives too late
the murmur of lizards with leopard spots
mischievously climbing through vines in search of food
the last sounds of 1 picnic
where Desolation has been at it again
& has finished by announcing the approach of the wind
that stains & corrodes everything

Nevertheless 1 still walks around here like 1 happy sparrow
like Chaplin the day he first kissed Mary Pickford
someone goes by with 1 transistor radio
that seems like his second ear
Galileo discovers the law of the pendulum observing
the saccharine swinging of those lovers
violently united & half consumed by the fog
believing the very foolish that Love by tooth & nail
will end up glowing in Technicolor
& this at the same m'/ at the same time
in which the North Pole & the South Pole
the thesis & antithesis of the world
meet
like 1 white-hot meteor & 1 UFO in distress
& inexplicably they greet each other:
I'm the 1 who embossed on the back of his denim jacket
the sentence: The nucleus of my solar system is Adventure
I call myself that but I like them to say *The Protoplasm Kid*
You're the 1 who bites his nails while leafing through the crime section
his fingers lost in the stiffness of the news page

but
is it the news /
those who report it /
those who read it like 1 necessary drug?
who Sherlock Holmes are the assassins?
Given the circumstances you don't even trust your own eyes
what caliber of struggles pursuits disputes
are hidden under the roughest cloth
the fearful climb trees
the more agile prefer to walk around pointing
to the exact moment the atmosphere thins to the limit of endurance
& the airplanes start falling like 1 scene from a silent movie
where the arms of the dying spin like propeller blades
without explaining why the horizon is slobbered with fire

Although the sky—apparently—looks sober & clear
like 1 irreconcilable enemy of the Plastic Arts
& almost nobody notices the little lunatic who kisses licks bites his handless watch
while asking *Will the earth be getting colder*
won't we be going out of orbit???
certain that in 1 such case even Jerry Lewis would sincerely weep

A poem is occurring every moment
for example
that fluttering of mute flies
over 1 package nobody manages to decipher
how much of it is trash & how much miracle
for example those schoolgirls with their books tight against
their chests
that turn the head of 1 gray-haired man with crooked glasses
while the breeze—lubricous—plays beneath their miniskirts

For example
Laurel & Hardy who take their siestas
dreaming the same mischief
where cake wants to serve as makeup
& 2 feet are foolish enough to enter where only 1 foot fits
for example
the 1 who just yesterday—disguised as a woman—escaped from the psychiatric clinic
& doesn't get tired of standing on his hands & runs like 1 mad kangaroo
wondering about the meaning of life
about some antiseptic ointment to erase his inner bruises
the scars from the insulin & electroshocks
while he sings in ballad form that line of Guido Cavalcanti
Now that I can never hope to return
for example
that redheaded boy who dips his feet in the water of the fountain
& feels like Huckleberry Finn traveling on 1 tree-trunk raft
/ in the middle of the Mississippi /
or 1 bearded clochard filling his lungs with Turkish tobacco
on the banks of the Seine
seeing his name written on the water: *Lord XYZ*
while reality sails on like 1 loud & tossing steamboat
because he knows that life can kill & resurrect him
at any instant
—in1 time & 1 place
where neither Euclid nor his stuttering geometry count—
& the immediacy the difficulty of the days running by
are seen represented by any guy who screams Help!
& dials the 911 of his consciousness
to find out what brand of life or garbage it suits him to kiss
to spit out or to look at in horror

any guy who screams or tries to & can't
while astonishment is painted (as if with burnt wax)
on his stony retired workman's face
that seems & in what a way
like a time bomb

At times / in the rush when 1 second vomits & turns white
everything is tragic / even happiness / whichever 1 you want /
Aeschylus & Harold Lloyd playing chess with beer bottle caps
but without knowing how the heck to make their creative leisure rise
to the level of 1 earthquake that would truly wipe the slate clean
When Chaos appears all-powerful even bestial
(bull-faced & faggot-voiced)
when it goes without saying that he's economically screwed
(You / Me / Us)
not to mention the *homemade* neurosis & anemia

& what's the use then what's the use of
the hurricane the raffling off of things
that strip & invade you like amoebas
what's the use if you don't understand why overpopulation
why abortions
1 pregnant woman smiles at you /
if you don't capiche whether it's from desperation or from joy
that she pats her belly like Piero della Francesca's Madonna of Childbirth
if you only manage to stammer to dilate your eyes
when the pickpocket's capable hand goes to work
/ that disciple of 7-armed Shiva: God of masturbation
& the finely crafted assault /
if you only manage to gulp & make faces
when that character from Ionesco—perhaps obsessed with the bald soprano—

asks you the first chance he gets: are you sexual political
. fundamentally satisfied?
& what's the use of getting to know the dew the gardenia expels
in the misty dawn
as much by the sweat of your brow as the palm of your hand
as the pelvis—delicious—of the girl
that's the relief of your map
& the compass that keeps your territory standing

what's the use if there are lives that are cars with no engines
desperately honking their horns
without being able to go

the life of the 1 who cures his Saturday hangover by rinsing his eyes
at the edges of fountains
that of the high-class lady with her Chantilly cream & candy-cane hairdo
& her intolerable little voice when she says *I smoke my own*
that whole race of sanctimonious reactionaries
who feel offended
by the every day more frequent contact with the riff-raff
between the soot & the sullen sun of the cities
& the life of that vagabond (the 1 word has it isn't missing)
whose lucidity is shattered / without his bicycle
having chased any light in the Sierra Tarahumara
like his homonym Antonin Artaud

the life of the 1 who thinks too much to kiss 1 flower
to light 1 cigarette
to say to his beloved: let's go to 1 hotel / let's blow up the moon's
potato-white face
that of the scatterbrained bureaucrat / who screws up & more than 1 or 2 times

the 1 who'll have the same soap-opera face
—feeling sorry for itself—
the next time he passes by here

the life of the ex—May Queen in the days of Hiroshima
& the now neurotic grandmother of mongoloid triplets
that of the teenager penniless & up for anything
& with hips that would have strangled the pulse
of Oscar Wilde
that of the fop who says the park
is like the flowering liver of the city
while prancing on the tips of his toes
around some woman who hasn't even told him her name
that of so many who have bathed 5 / 6 times
in the black waters of failure
& *not by choice* (so they say)
not like those who gobble up—between smiles—1 meringue tart
in no way like that
& that's what you always say (You / Me / Us)
while slowly buttoning up your raincoat
—your body & your psychological defenses—
& going out for 1 walk—that will be more than 1—
in the rain
inside & out
in the rain
& all because you need to youre desperate to let go & cry openly
with nobody & nothing to interrupt you
not even those chicks in hot pants
glimmering with their bronze thighs
& clinging to the golden lampposts

& you're not the only 1 who claims to be the only passenger
        on his schizophrenic submarine
while walking (like some lunatic) with 1 burnt-out cigarette in your mouth
& the rain drenching you grotesquely
        from the top of your head to the point of your chin

Of course youre not the only 1
before whom the rusty umbrella of life
        doesn't want to spread its wings
youre not the only 1 to whom the world seems
—in moments of pessimism—
1 ghetto without bridges or streets

& also sometimes you totter & cloud over
you scratch your nose & the scab of remembrance
        Existence takes the form of 1 cop
who runs his state-of-the-art billy club down the length of your face
& you still ask: What's up my big bad wolf?
        How's repression doing?
while the marijuana bushes
planted like carrots in the subsoil of your mind tremble
& your heart is 1 crowded neighborhood
        with the gutters & the roof falling down
        from sheer terror
                from sheer terror

Nevertheless oxygen & the regular rotation of the stars survive
September winks at us
& it's best if each of us clings to the waist of his most beloved
1 honey-colored cocker spaniel remains sunk in deep sleep
while 1 miserable fly uses his nose as 1 sofa bed

scraps rinds papers
fly about entangled in the pant cuffs of the wind
that today could shred 1 flower
then pummel it into the ground
but tomorrow /
goodbye carbon dioxide /
apoplexy shitty luck Goodbye
Explain to your occasional lover
that even 1 failed erection
is part of the process

this / & the fucking awesome vermilion of the twilight
& the flight of thrushes that for 1 instant blackens the air
& the spark of life that ruffles your chest hair
in decisive epochs
& with every appearance of becoming Epic History

Explain that to your occasional lover
clear it up for yourself

that life is still your poetry workshop
& hopefully you'll electrify the power of your inner storm
as well as the girl with the agility of 1 sailboat
whom you ve chosen as the partner of your next escapades
that the love or the madness that most closely approximates it
inhabit you / lighten your step
that it brighten the twinkle in your eye
Hopefully / hopefully

The fragments the splinters from a while ago
become in hands like Houdini's

1 scream as solid & real
as I breast or 1 apple
or 1 desire that turns all bodies into 1 transparent prism

The apparently static & fleeting
turns out to be 1 very important piece on the board:
behind 1 simple street photographer
once lived 1 Ernesto Che Guevara
& he seemed incapable of the smallest exertion
not to mention of ethical feats

The apparently static & fleeting
turns out to be 1 very important piece on the board:
the spirit & the valor that accompany you
when you roam the endless avenues
remembering the poems the skin of Sappho
bathed in moonlight
when you run your hand over your face
at the moment in which youre 1 rainbow
scratched out by the sun & the 4 oclock drizzle
when you inscribe the poetic artifacts of this century's end
on the tree's naked trunk:

I love you to bits
Ta me enciendes
You turn me on
How can this be
so beautiful?

—burning with faith
& between swells of pleasure—

When you see in this the instinct of the struggle for existence
that made Rosa Luxemburg euphoric
the living application of the heretic Wilhelm Reich's favorite theorem:
1 body is taught to read & write next to another body
& thus the University of Tenderness is founded

when you learn to say No
with the energy of 1 black belt in karate
or to say Yes / with the certainty
that soon the stars will have 1 color
that after enough time has passed we'll understand

The apparently static & fleeting
threatens to burn up & with kisses
the hour when the great political rebellions seem buried
(so say the bourgeois economists from their antiaircraft introspections)

But 1 still sees life
as deserving 1 handmade tattoo
even though right now it's posing for some invisible photographer
that could be the burning climate itself

Even though right now it would only seem
that Beauty is emotively radicalized
like multicolored T-shirts that say: *kiss me*
from the most erogenous part of their torsos

like 2 brats (rumored to be hippies or anarchists)
who promise to meet
at that hour / at that sunset
in the Ray Bradbury Port of the channels of Mars

/ No matter what

right there /

Under 1 sky that van Gogh would give thanks for in 6 languages /

& *what whiteness will you add to this whiteness*

what spirit / what valor?

INFRARREALIST MANIFESTO

WHAT DO WE PROPOSE?
NOT MAKING ART INTO A CAREER
SHOWING THAT EVERYTHING IS ART AND ANYONE CAN MAKE IT
CONCERNING OURSELVES WITH “INSIGNIFICANT” THINGS / WITH NO INSTIUTIONAL VALUE / PLAYING / ART SHOULD EXIST IN LIMITLESS AMOUNTS / AFFORDABLE
FOR EVERYONE, AND IF POSSIBLE, MADE BY EVERYONE

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

ATTACKING ART / ATTACKING EVERYDAY LIFE (DUCHAMP) AT A TIME THAT SEEMS ALMOST ENTIRELY CLOSED TO PROFESSIONAL OPTIMISTS
TRANSFORMING ART / TRANSFORMING EVERYDAY LIFE (OURSELVES)
CREATIVITY / THE OUTSIDER’S LIFE AT ANY COST
(MOVING OUR HIPS TO THE PRESENT WITH EYES BLINKING
FROM THE AIRPORTS OF THE FUTURE)
AT A TIME WHEN ASSASSINATIONS HAVE BEEN DISGUISED AS SUICIDES

$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$

TURNING CONFERENCE ROOMS INTO SHOOTING GALLERIES
(THE CARNVIAL WITHIN THE CARNIVAL / AS DEBRAY WOULD PUT IT?)

%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%

BEETHOVEN, RACINE & MICHAELANGELO AREN'T THAT USEFUL ANYMORE

AMPHETAMINES MAKE BETTER FOOD:

SOUND BARRIERS LABYRINTHS OF SPEED (OH JAMES DEAN!) ARE

BEING BROKEN SOMEWHERE ELSE

,,,

“ONLY MEN FREE OF ALL BONDS CAN CARRY THE FIRE FAR ENOUGH” ANDRÉ BRETON

!!

RETURNING TO ART THE IDEA OF A CONVULSIVE & PASSIONATE LIFE

– –

CULTURE ISN’T IN BOOKS OR PAINTINGS OR STATUES IT’S IN THE NERVES / IN THE NERVES’ FLUIDNESS

THE CLEAREST PROPOSITION: AN INCARNATE CULTURE / A CULTURE IN THE FLESH, IN SENSITIVITY (THE OLD DREAM OF ANTONIN ARTAUD)

555555555555555555555555555555555555555555555555555555555555555555555555555

EVERYTHING THAT EXISTS:

OUR SPHERE OF ACTION / AND THE FRENZIED SEARCH FOR WHAT DOESN’T EXIST YET

••

OUR PURPOSE IS (TRUTH) PRACTICAL SUBVERSION

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

EXAMPLE OF TOTAL ART

TOTAL SCULPTURE (THAT MOVES): A DEMONSTRATION OF 10,000 TO 20,000 PEOPLE SUPPORTING THE ELECTRICAL WORKERS’ UNION

TOTAL MUSIC: A MUSHROOM TRIP THROUGH THE SIERRA MAZATECA

TOTAL PAINTING: CLAUDIA KERIK BACKWARDS & FORWARDS / I INSIST: BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS

TOTAL POETRY: THAT INTERVIEW DISSEMINATED BY TELEPATHY OR JUST THE FLICK OF MY (AFRICAN LION'S) HAIR AND ITS FULL ELECTRICAL CHARGE

3333333333333333333333333333333333333333333333

WORLDS MOVEMENTS PEOPLE THAT INTEREST ME NICANOR PARRA CATULO QUEVEDO LAUTRÉAMONT MAGRITTE DE CHIRICO ARTAUD VACHÉ JARRY BRÉTON BORIS VIAN BURRROUGHS GINSBERG KEROUAC KAFKA BAKUNIN CHAPLIN GODARD FASSBINDER ALAIN TANNER FRANCIS BACON DUBUFFET GEORGE SEGAL JUAN RAMÍREZ RUIZ VALLEJO CHÉ GUEVARA ENGELS "THAT MASTER OF SARCASM" THE PARIS COMMUNE THE SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL THE EPIC OF THE CUBAN COMMUNIST PARTY'S SHIPWRECKS (I FORGOT): HIERONYMUS BOSCH (ESSENTIAL) WILHELM REICH THE MYSTICAL PORNOGRAPHY OF CHARLES MINGUS THE MULTICOLORED EROTICA OF TOM WESSELMAN JOHN CAGE JULIAN BECK JUDITH MALINA & HER LIVING THEATRE (AND FINALLY) THE MARQUIS DE SADE HÉCTOR APOLINAR ROBERTO BOLAÑO JOSÉ REVUELTAS (AND HIS DISCOVERY THAT DIALECTICS SOMETIMES ALSO WALKS LIKE A CRAB) JUDITH GARCÍA CLAUDIA SOL (AND EVEN ON CLOUDY DAYS) CLAUDIA SOL

%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%

WE CAN SHOOT TWO REVOLVERS AT ONCE / SAID BUFFALO BILL MORE THAN ONCE

STUPIDITY ISN'T OUR FORTE

(ALFRED JARRY DIXIT)

CARTE D'IDENTITÉ

If you can be a legend
Why be 1 common grave?

Mario Santiago Papasquiaro / frontline infrarrealist ((who has fought in this wavering movement since its inception in 1975)) released his primordial Swan's Howl in Mexico City—capitol of the subsequently disgraced—in the midst of 1 electrical storm / at dawn on the morning of December 24, 1953—the year of the death of Dylan Thomas & Jorge Negrete—.

The echoing string of this a *cappella tour de forceps* ((1 bison engraved in the placenta of Altamira)) resounds in the Ingres violin of these pages / which as a rule of thumb barely contain 10% of his principle opera's red blood cells.

Water serpent in the Chinese horoscope / *Ocelot* in the Náhuatl / *Capricorn* in the occidental / was a child follower of the wonders of the *Holy Flock* of Guadalajara & in his early youth he rose & fell ((d*elirious & without a rudder*)) among the Escherian snakes & ladders of the *Dialectics of Nature*—that composite & uneven pandemonium—with such force / that only the revelation transmitted by the Aztec gnome brigadier José Revueltas*: *The tragedy of the human species is its lack of itself* kept his winged feet supporting the drained weight of his open cerebellum.

Today / tomorrow & always.
Incorruptible anti-poet & vagrant / fugitive from the Void / salamander in 1 waterfall of air.
What he most loves in the tidal wave of life:
Frisbee women always undermining the mythic moremarrow of the citizens of this Oliverio Girondo-galaxy.

His profession is noticing.
His truth / there isn't 1.
His theosophical number: is 69.
Edmond Dantès / The Count of Monte Cristo.
His grandest illusion: to score 1 corner kick goal against the
flagrant absence of Triumphant God's wind.
He writes like he walks / to 1 frantic rhythm.
With 1 firm unbending stride.
Between 1976 & 1978 he lived like 1 hummingbird / scenting the
cardinal points of his laboratory-apprenticeship: Paris / Vienna /
Barcelona & Jerusalem.
His wife affectionately says of him: *Eyes of 1 otter / Mouth of 1 foreskin.*

* *José Revueltas Sánchez (1914-1976) was a Mexican writer-revolutionary and a seminal influence on the radical student movement of 1968. Revueltas was born in the Mexican town of Santiago Papasquiaro from which Mario Zendejas Pineda took his name.*

I don't think;
I bite
- *Mario Santiago Papasquiaro*

abject.noblogs.org

(anti-copyright)
march 2026,

with love, from 1 nameless
radical vagabond to another <3

~[redacted]

selections:

BEAUTY IS OUR SPIRITUAL GUERNICA

Mario Santiago Papasquiaro,
Translated by Cole Heinowitz

COMMUNE EDITIONS
PURVEYOR OF POETRY & OTHER ANTAGONISMS
2015
communeeditions.com

ADVICE FROM 1 DISCIPLE OF MARX TO 1 HEIDEGGER FANATIC

Mario Santiago Papasquiaro,
Translated by Cole Heinowitz and Alexis Graman

WAVE BOOKS
2013
wavepoetry.com

artwork:

CORRESPONDENCIA INFRA 1

REVISTA MENSTRUAL
DEL MOVIMIENTO INFRARREALISTA
1977